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ADDRESS

HON. R. C. PARSONS,

OF THE

PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NORTH SOLON, OHIO,

AUGUST 30, 1876

CLEVELAND, OHIO:

LEADER PRINTING COMPANY, 146 SUPERIOR STREET.

1876.



ADDRESS
OF
HON. R. C. PARSONS,
BEFORE THE
PIONEER ASSOCIATION,
AT
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The following note will explain itself:

HON. R. C. PARSONS:

By a vote taken at the Annual Pioneer Meeting, held at North Solon, August 30th, a Committee was appointed by the Chair to ask for a copy of your Address for publication. If consistent, will you at an early day favor the Committee with a copy, and oblige

H. W. CURTISS,
S. PATRICK,
C. W. HEMRY.

ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am here this morning because I feel under a great personal debt to the people of Solon. For nearly a quarter of a century they have been my warm and steadfast friends, and to them I owe a large and generous debt of gratitude, which time will serve rather to increase than diminish. And though no man can be more painfully conscious than myself, of my utter inability to fill the place of the distinguished gentleman, our friend General GARFIELD, who was expected here to-day, nor in the limited time allowed me for preparation can I do but scanty justice to myself, yet I felt bound, at any sacrifice of personal feeling, to come here in answer to your urgent call, and do the best in my power to entertain you for a few moments with some thoughts suggested by your gathering.

I shall not attempt to retrace the history of your Society, or take up your time in recalling the scenes in which so many of you have been actors, and with which all of you are familiar. All this has been done, and faithfully done, by those more familiar with the subject than myself, and who in former times have carefully preserved, and laid away for future use, the noble records of the pioneers of the Reserve.

In this age of luxury, extravagance and wealth, with the iron-horse rushing by our dwellings, making neighbors of those separated by a continent; with the telegraph "putting a girdle 'round the earth in forty seconds," enabling men to converse with each other though widely sundered as the poles, the very word "pioneer" awakens a sensation in our bosoms like gazing upon the ruins of a by-gone age.

What a debt do we owe those noble men and women who, through good report and evil report, through perils often by day and by night, amid hunger and loneliness, with painstaking, self-sacrifice and noble ambitions, laid low the primeval forests, scattered the wild beasts, and the still wilder savage; plowed and sowed, and turned the wilderness into a garden; laid broad and deep the foundations on which our free institutions are built, education and religion, leaving to their descendants the land we now enjoy—a land sacred to liberty, protected by law—a land that, in all its mighty length and breadth, is not large enough to hold within its borders a single slave—a land of Christian civilization—the ripe, consummate fruit of the experience of ages.

Most of the early pioneers of the Reserve have calmly folded their hands, and laid down in the quiet earth to their last dreamless sleep. Here and there may be seen a silver-haired old man or woman, whose days have been lengthened out to a green old age, and who, like shocks of corn fully ripe, are waiting to be gathered like their fathers by the Great Reaper. I greet those of them who are here to day with all reverence and honor. I thank them, in the name of our common humanity, for their noble labors, and for the rich and precious examples

they have taught by their virtues; and I earnestly trust, that when their work on earth is ended, they may find that "better country" where "toil and privation" are utter strangers, where rest and peace is an eternal heritage.

A few weeks ago, I stood in the midst of the Coliseum in ancient Rome, and gazed with awe upon that stupendous ruin. As you know, it was designed by a Christian architect and martyr, and was commenced by the Emperor Vespasian seventy-two years after the birth of our Saviour, and dedicated by Titus ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem. As I looked upon that vast theater, once capable of seating eighty thousand spectators, standing in its grandeur and magnificence as it stood eighteen hundred years ago—as its tragic and terrible history came crowding into my mind, then I began to realize something of what it meant, to be a pioneer in that great religion which the Master said was "Peace on earth and good will to men."

Yes, thought I, here within these very walls, on the soil hallowed by their heroic sufferings and sacrifices; here, in the midst of the arena where now I stand, died, in the midst of the jeers and scoffs of the cruel and heartless spectators, those pioneers of the truth "of whom the world was not worthy," the Christian martyrs. Probably, within the space enclosed by those mighty walls, there has been more of human suffering, more fearful barbarities enacted, than upon any other place of equal extent upon earth. The records of the Church are crowded with the names of men and women who perished, for "Christ's sake," on that dreadful spot. Wherever the Christian religion obtained its converts—no matter in what part of the earth—subject to the Roman jurisdic-

tion, there were they arrested by the cruel governors of Rome, in order "they might be butchered" to make a Roman holiday. In the time of Trajan, that great and noble teacher, scholar and Christian leader, Ignatius was brought from Antioch, the place where the Christians received their name, to be devoured by wild beasts in the Coliseum. Here are still in perfect preservation the cages where the wild beasts were confined and starved to maddening ferocity. There are the dungeons, with walls of incredible thickness, open for light and air only in front, and that looking directly into the midst of that awful amphitheater, where the hopeless victims, spared for to-morrow, must see the victims of to-day meet their end; where the only sounds that met their ears were the exultant howls of the populace over the sufferings of the tortured martyr, the shrieks of the sufferer, or the savage roar of the wild and famished beasts as they roamed around, eager for blood, panting for their prey. What exalted faith, sublime courage and holy zeal must have been given to those men and women, the real pioneers of the truth! With what unfaltering hope did they lay down their lives, in the belief they might attain a "better resurrection."

Out of the very air around me I seemed to hear these words: "What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" "And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. These are they who came out of great tribulation." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat."

Close by the Coliseum are the remains of the gorgeous palace of the Cæsars. Here lived in imperial luxury

and voluptuousness the Emperors of Rome, who ruled the world. From the windows of the palace they could see the "seven hills," and look over a large portion of the city they ruled. Far across the Campagna stretched the Viaduct, still standing as a monument to the genius and power of the Roman people. On the left stood the Forum of Julius Cæsar, where Cicero thundered, and whose walls had echoed to the voices of Cæsar, Brutus, Pompey, Mark Antony, Cataline, and indeed all the great heroes of Roman history. In this palace Caligula lived, four years after the crucifixion of our Lord, and here are the remains of the yellow and golden palace of Nero, whose splendors and costly adornings put to shame the story of Aladdin. Close by, and leading out of the city, was the "Appian Way," the most celebrated roadway in the world. It was begun by Appius Claudius, three hundred and twelve years before Christ, stretching across the Campagna, and connecting Rome with Southern Italy, Greece, and the eastern possession of the Roman empire.

Beyond the wall of the city, but in plain view, was the spot where St. Paul was beheaded. His sacred remains were carefully preserved by the Christians of his day, and over them is now erected one of the most costly and magnificent cathedrals of the world. Here, if in any known spot, rest the ashes of the Great Apostle. As you stand over his tomb, you hear his voice saying, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." Among the earliest of the martyrs, before the Coliseum was completed, the persecutions of the Christian disciples had begun to rage, and St. Paul and St. Peter both sealed their belief with their lives—the

one going to the block, the other to the more terrible crucifixion.

But the Emperors of Rome have vanished from the earth, with all their lordly retinues. Their splendid palaces have crumbled in the dust. Almost their names have passed from the memory of mankind. But the names of some of those humble martyrs, whom they tortured and persecuted, the pioneers of the faith taught by Him who died on Calvary will live sweet in the hearts and memories of men forever.

As one travels over the earth, he is forcibly reminded of the great truth, "that the fashion of this world passeth away." I have just finished reading a most charming and attractive book, written by one of my own gifted townsmen, who is with us to-day (Mr. Fogg), called, "Arabistan, or the Land of the Arabian Nights." I have followed the author in my mind through all his wanderings in Egypt, Jerusalem and Arabia. I have been with him to the ancient cities of Bagdad, Babylon and Nineveh. The desolation and decay that have swept these once imperial cities almost into oblivion, tells the story most forcibly of the vain effort of mankind to perpetuate their history or their memories. While the ruins of their most imperishable works remain, the names of their builders have gone beyond the hope of resurrection. Yet men toil for honor and fame, and will do so to the end of time. But the monuments of one age are erased by those of another, and in a few centuries the names of those great men most familiar to us, will give place to the heroes of a later and different civilization.

As we look upon our own great State, with her teeming millions of industrious people, her wide-spread useful-

ness and acknowledged power among the States of the Union, we can scarcely realize the fact that within the life-time of some of your own pioneers, the first white family was on its way in a covered wagon from New England to found a settlement in Ohio. The men who originally settled Ohio were of the race of Puritans who settled in New England. They were bold, brave, hardy men and women, careful against danger, but able to meet it. Their religious belief was that of their fathers, and they loved liberty of conscience and liberty of action, because they knew how costly a price had been paid to secure them. The story of the Mayflower, and the sufferings of those devoted pilgrims had been graven on their hearts, and they brought to the State of Ohio, and especially to the Western Reserve, the habits, the desires and the practices of their ancestors.

I never think of our Pilgrim fathers, driven from the land they loved, seeking these barren shores for the honor of God, and the liberty of worshiping Him according to the dictates of their own consciences, without emotion. To them we owe so much of what we now enjoy. For within the compass of that little bark the germinal principles of civil and religious liberty, which so long had been struggling into being, assumed a local habitation and a name. On board that humble vessel the first charter of American liberty was drawn and signed. Carlyle says in one of his books: "Look now at American Saxondom, and at the little fact of the sailing of the Mayflower two hundred years ago. There were struggling settlers before—some material as of a body was there, but the soul of it was this. These poor men, driven out of their own country and not able to

live in Holland, determined on settling in the New World. Black, untamed forests are there, and wild, savage creatures, but not so cruel as a star-chamber hangman. They clubbed their small means together, hired a ship—the little ship *Mayflower*—and made ready to set sail. Ha! these men had, I think, a work. The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong if it is a true thing. Puritanism was only despicable, laughable then, but nobody can manage to laugh at it now. It is one of the strongest things under the sun at present.”

There was Elder Brewster, with his open Bible, commending his little flock to Him who holds the seas in the hollow of His hand. There was the accomplished Winslow and his noble wife giving up home, friends and country to share the common fate in store for the Pilgrim. There were Carver and Bradford and Allerton, and there was Miles Standish, the brave and gallant soldier, with his beautiful wife Rose, that tender and delicate flower, so soon to be transplanted, to bloom in a “better country,” whose oldest fashion is immortality. But all this thrice-told tale is as familiar to you as household words, and I will not weary you by needless repetition. But you would expect the descendants of such men and women would, in founding a great State like Ohio, lay broad the foundations for the advancement of liberty, education and humanity, and in this we are not disappointed. From one end of the State to the other, schools have been established, colleges endowed, churches built, morality practiced and encouraged, and perhaps it may be said with honest pride, that no State has a more intelligent, valuable or useful population than our own. So soon as our people had reached a condition where they could

tax themselves for purposes of humanity, they built the Insane, the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, and Idiot Asylums, all of which have been the source of incalculable good to the unfortunate beings compelled to seek refuge within their walls.

It was while acting as your member of the Legislature that I became aware of the vast influence for good of these benevolent institutions, and the credit which was due to the pioneers of the State, under whose influence they were founded and encouraged. And if I was asked what was the distinctive feature of our people in all the States, which makes them superior as a race to many others I have visited, I should answer, because of their generous public charities, and the tender care they take of the poor unfortunates of the land, who are unable by the act of God to provide rationally for themselves.

I should like, if time permitted, to detail at length what has been done in our country during the last half century, to advance the cause of humanity in the treatment of the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the idiotic, but I will only glance at their history for a moment.

For centuries the poor unfortunate insane had been treated like the vilest of criminals. To protect itself, society loaded them with chains and handcuffs, shut them in the gloomiest of dungeons, the safest of prisons, and left them to wear their lives away behind bolts and bars, helpless, hopeless and forsaken. All this has been changed, and Ohio was one of the earliest States to embrace the reformation. Among the names of the noble men and women who were pioneers in this great work, I will mention but one, and that a woman,

Miss Dorothea L. Dix. Her labors in searching out the miserable insane, beginning in Massachusetts, her benevolent and devoted self-sacrifices have rarely been equaled and never excelled. Those who have read the history of Howard, the philanthropist, in his struggles to aid the unfortunate victims of legal punishment in England, can appreciate something of her great mission. She visited the maniacs in their lonely cells everywhere, and by pen and voice called upon Congress and the State Legislatures to put a stop to the terrible injustice and sickening inhumanity. Brave, heroic, self-sacrificing, great woman! We honor you with all our hearts. The good you achieved can never be known or calculated, and your influence will never cease to be felt through the coming ages. Almost at once, in answer to her call, sprung up over the land those noble edifices that are the pride of our own and sister States. The poor insane, no longer criminals and outcasts, found the fetters stricken from their limbs, and themselves ushered into spacious, well-ventilated halls and rooms, with wholesome food and nourishment. Scientific and humane physicians replaced the iron-hearted jailors, and undertook their cure. All that money and skill could do, was lavished upon them in the attempt to restore their reason, and fit them again for the society of mankind. So far successful were these efforts, that I believe, where cases are placed early under proper treatment in those institutions, over seventy per cent. are permanently cured. Those incurable are far from being wretched or outcasts. They have a certain enjoyment of life; they eat, drink and sleep in safety and peace, while a large number of them, in music, dancing, riding and walking, find employment and com-

parative happiness. God bless the pioneers in this great work.

The history of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and those for the Blind, are almost equally interesting. Shut out, as these unfortunates are, from so much of life that is useful or enjoyable, they are yet educated at these institutions, so that existence becomes perhaps, in the total, as satisfactory to them as the majority of their fellow men. I knew Mr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the mode of treatment of the deaf and dumb of the United States. He was a noble, wholly unselfish man, who gave his life to this work. He married a deaf mute, and so gave the highest proof of his devotion to the interests of these unfortunate people.

Next to the loss of reason, I have always regarded blindness as the greatest of personal afflictions. But owing to the benevolence of the present age, its advancement in science and culture, the blind now achieve high positions as men and women of education and ability, and often excel in those branches of learning which are supposed only to be acquired by those who see. Yet I never pass a blind man that I do not wish it were in my power to open his eyes, that he might enjoy the beauty of the world around him, and look up at the sun, the moon, the stars, and into the faces of his fellow men. But alas, no such power has been given to mortals since our Lord touched the eyes of blind Bartimeus at the gates of Jericho, on his last journey to Jerusalem, and gave him not only the vision of himself, the Great Healer, but opened upon the poor, darkened mind of him who "was born blind," that panorama of beauty, the valley of the Jordan, in all its surpassing loveliness. No wonder "that he followed Jesus in the way."

Of all tasks, apparently the most hopeless was the attempt to ameliorate the condition of those born to idiocy. But even here good men and women did not despair; and however loathsome the work, it was undertaken with zeal and cheerful courage. In our own State, owing almost exclusively to the influence of women, we have a noble Asylum for Idiots, and the success in teaching them has been marked and favorable. I well remember visiting the old institution in its infancy, and seeing with my own eyes the good being accomplished by the noble women who were giving their hearts and hands to this work.

It would hardly be respectful, at this meeting of the Pioneer Association, if we failed to notice that we are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of our nation's birthday, for it is only a century since the truths contained in the Declaration of Independence were given to the world. Most forcibly and pertinently did General GARFIELD, in his masterly oration in the House of Representatives, a few days ago, allude to this great act of our fathers. "Whence came," he says, "the immortal truths of the Declaration? To me this was for years the riddle of our history. The great doctrine of the Declaration germinated in the hearts of our fathers, and were developed under the new influences of this wilderness world by the same subtle mystery which brings forth the rose from the germ of the rose-tree. Unconsciously to themselves, the great truths were growing under the new conditions, until, like the century plant, they blossomed into the matchless beauty of the Declaration of Independence, whose fruitage, increased and increasing, we enjoy to-day."

Let it never be said that we have failed to render due homage to the memory of those illustrious pioneers of freedom, who spread before the world, in characters of living light, the principles by which they were governed, and to the maintenance of which they pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

I have stood by the last resting places of some of the great heroes, statesmen and scholars of the earth. I have seen the mausoleum of Hadrian, the tomb of the Scipios, of St. Constantia and St. Helena, the daughter and wife of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. In the Vatican now stands the magnificent sarcophagus of Porphyry, where the ashes of his daughter were deposited. I have looked with wonder upon the costly and splendid tombs of the once powerful *Medici* family at Florence, whose place of sepulture is one of the wonders of the world. It was from this very family came Catharine de Medici, that bigoted fanatic who caused in Paris the frightful massacre of St. Bartholomew. I have stood by the remains of Napoleon, in the Church of the Invalides, where all has been done to heap dignity and honor upon the remains of a mortal that boundless wealth and national pride could do—and I have walked where his great rival, the Duke of Wellington, lies in his granite coffin, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, while the measured steps of the sentry, going to and fro, showed how sacredly was guarded this chamber of the dead. I have been to the grave of Columbus, of Shakespeare and Scott, of Milton and Johnson, to the tombs of England's kings and queens, and mightiest orators and heroes. So have I visited the last resting places of the kings and queens, and great men and women of France, whose

names are familiar to us as household words. All over the world the traveler is called to stand in silence and respect over the ashes of some warrior, scholar, poet, statesman or author, whose fame has become a part of the great history of mankind. But none of those impressed me so deeply as, with uncovered head, I stood before the old-fashioned, grated tomb at Mt. Vernon, where, by the side of his wife, in a plain and simple white marble sarcophagus, lies all that is mortal of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," our own illustrious WASHINGTON. Lord Brougham, in his sketches of the greatest of the men produced for centuries by England, France and America, places WASHINGTON as the most truly great of them all. His patriotism had no tinge of selfishness. His conquests were not for self-advancement, or to aid a wanton ambition. He served his country that she might become a free land, and great in the family of nations; that, for all coming time, she might be the star of hope to the oppressed and down-trodden of the earth.

Just fifty years ago, the fourth of July, 1826, died two of the greatest of those patriots of the Revolution—JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON. Both had lived to see the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration. Roused from his sleep by the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the stirring strains of martial music, Mr. ADAMS was asked if he understood the meaning of what he heard. "Oh, yes," he said, "it is the glorious Fourth of July—God bless it—God bless you all! But," says he, "JEFFERSON still survives." The music he loved best on earth, the rejoicings of a free people, was mingling in

his ears with the angels' song on the other side of the river.

When the news fell upon the country, after many days, that JEFFERSON and ADAMS had passed away, the people seemed stunned by the blow. The nation, as with one heart and mind, paid its choicest honors to the memory of the illustrious dead. Let us recall for a moment the names of their co-patriots and associates. What a galaxy of stars! Washington, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Otis, Fisher Ames, Dr. Warren, Patrick Henry, Franklin, Robert Morris, and many others we could mention. How the eloquence and the example of these men caused millions of hearts to glow with patriotic fire. How the feeble nation rallied around that uplifted banner, upon which was inscribed in blazing letters, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!" I tell you, patriotism cost something in those days. When Washington consulted the Legislature of Massachusetts as to the propriety of bombarding Boston, Hancock was the first to advise it, if necessary to promote the cause of the Revolution, though most of his great wealth consisted of stores and houses in the city.

It is a remarkable fact, that the period of the American Revolution seemed to develop the most exalted character of men on both sides of the Atlantic. In England, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Camden, Erskine and others rose to the height of their splendid fame; and on the other side, Samuel Adams, Dr. Warren, Otis, Patrick Henry and Josiah Quincy, with Fisher Ames, aroused the people to arms by the force of their genius and impassioned appeals. It has been said that the Congress of 1776 comprised the most remarkable body

of men ever convened in one deliberative assembly. More than one-half of them had been educated in the colleges of Europe or America, and all were men of exalted character and influence. These pioneers of freedom have all gone to their rest; but their works follow them. The Union they established of thirteen feeble States, with three millions of scattered people, is our Union of to-day—the wonder of the world. It has survived the struggle of the great civil war, where a million of men met on the field of battle to decide whether freedom or slavery should rule the land, and now, with a population of forty million souls, is starting off upon a new era of prosperity and usefulness. But in comparison with the empires and kingdoms of the old world, our nation is yet in its childhood. In Italy I was pointed out by my guide the spot where Americus Vesputius and Christopher Columbus, the discoverers of America, were born. But he spoke of these men as he would speak of those who had passed away within the memory of living men, so lately had they lived, in comparison with the founders and distinguished men of his own country. To him a century or two seemed a small space of time for the growth of a nation. But the world moves with more rapid steps than in days gone by. Science has brought mankind closely together, and the old-fashioned ways of life have been destroyed by the inventions of steam, electricity, and the results of modern thought. As I stood near the house where Galileo wrote some of his most valuable astronomical works, I felt sure, had he lived until to-day, he would scarcely have felt afraid of the Inquisition for asserting that the world was round and moved upon its axis. Times have changed since all that.

We are justly proud of our country and her free institutions, and feel they will challenge comparison with the most favored lands on earth. But the work of maintaining its high character is committed to individuals. It is to them we must look to make it wiser and better. Men will pass away, but principles will live forever.

Standing upon the soil of Solon, one of the earliest homes of the anti-slavery people of America, it is meet we should congratulate each other upon having lived to see our country no longer cursed by the presence of a single slave. The late Hon. Edward Wade, formerly your member of Congress, told me, sixteen years ago, that the township of Solon was the first in the United States to cast a political majority vote in favor of anti-slavery. In view of the gigantic civil war, which drenched the land in fraternal blood, caused alone by that "irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery," so long foretold, and by many hoped for; in view of the complete and overwhelming triumph of freedom and free institutions growing out of the struggle, you may, as a people, well feel proud of being the pioneers in this greatest of all great works.

The time will come, in my judgment, when the colored men of the United States, from Maine to Louisiana, will unite in erecting a magnificent monument upon the soil of Solon, to perpetuate in honorable remembrance the memory of those good and true men; and to mark the spot where, for the first time in the history of the country, a brave and conscientious people dared to cast a majority of their votes in favor of an oppressed and down-trodden race. We have lived to see slavery abolished, and stricken out of existence upon this continent.

Men are no longer property, bought and sold like beasts of burden. "A black man or woman is no longer an outcast in social life, a cipher in the courts of law, and a pariah in the house of God!" He has been made equal before the law with his white master, and walks the land in all the conscious pride of freedom and independence.

Let us bear honorable testimony to the pioneers of this great reform, as we recall the labors and sufferings of Sandford, Lay, Woolman, Benezet, Whitefield, Hopkins, Rush, Wesley, Lundy, Samson, Birney, Bailey, Tappan, Whitehead, Weld, Lovejoy, Chase, Burritt, Slade, Phillips, Giddings, and a host of other noble men, as well as women, who upheld the banner of the slave on this side of the Atlantic. In England, though Mr. Bayne, in his sketch of Wilberforce, speaks of him as the earliest opponent of anti-slave trade and abolition in that country, yet I believe it was Thomas Clarkson, who, by means of his writings and influence, induced Wilberforce to introduce his bill into Parliament for the abolition of the slave trade, in 1792, which measure he continued to urge until in 1807, when his bill became a law, under the administration of Mr. Fox.

From that time until 1832, he ceased not his labors for the abolition of slavery in the colonies, when his efforts were crowned with success. His name should never be spoken by a black man without reverence, nor by the lover of mankind without sympathy and affection. If earthly honors should be paid to the memories of men who have served their day and generation, for services rendered to advance the interests of the human race, I can imagine none more worthy than the pioneers of anti-

slavery, the men who in the face of ridicule and contempt, of social ostracism and endless abuse, with pain, and stripes, and imprisonment ; amid the fires of persecution, and the frowns of the great mass of mankind, with tireless zeal and God-like self-sacrifice, advocated the cause of the poor, down-trodden, helpless, hopeless slave, until success crowned their efforts and slavery became "as a tale that is told."

But I must close. One by one the pioneers of your Society, as well as the great reforms of the last century, are passing away. The noble oak, with its wide spreading arms, and ample foliage, under whose grateful shade man and beast have alike found shelter, yields at last to the hand of time, and falls prostrate upon the ground. The autumn, with its golden and purple glories, follows the summer, and the fruits of the harvest are gathered into storehouses, for the time when the earth shall no longer yield her increase. The winter follows; the sparkling streams that glistened in the sunshine, and made glad the heart, are frozen in their channels. The fields once so beautiful with waving corn and grain, are desolate with snow and frost. He is the wise man who, knowing the winter must come at last, has made ample preparation for its demand and necessities. And this history of the seasons is typical of human life. At the longest it has but a brief spring, summer, autumn, winter. "The days of the years of our pilgrimage are three-score-years-and-ten, and if, by reason of strength, they be fourscore, yet is their strength labor and sorrow."

On the fifth day of July last, while I was in mid-ocean, on my journey home, one of your oldest members and friends—and one especially beloved and honored by me

and mine—a man known personally to nearly all of you, a man of ripe and generous culture, of great learning, of stainless character, a citizen who in every relation of life he had been called to fill, had adorned both public and private station, distinguished for the valuable services he had rendered the people among whom he had lived for half a century, Judge Samuel Starkweather, of Cleveland, suddenly was stricken down and died. He was conversing in his usual winning manner, seated upon his bedside, when, without a moment's hesitation, he stretched himself at full length upon his bed, closed his eyes with calm dignity and composure, and, with the faith of the Patriarchs of old, went out to join the fathers. Life and its solemn obligations for him was ended. But it was a life so rich in human happiness and good works, it could be said, in a measure, to have been complete.

If Judge Starkweather had one trait of character especially peculiar to himself, it was his strong, sincere, hearty love of his fellow men. The warm and sympathetic nature which made him the delight of home and the social circle, did not grow cold as he mingled in the world with his fellows. He had a kind word for every man, however humble his station—a tone of familiarity and good will that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm; and all this came because it was his nature to love mankind. He could no more help it, than the Autumn sun as it rises above the horizon, can help bathing the earth in new beauty and splendor.

To many of the older pioneers here, whom for a quarter of a century I have known so intimately—in social and public life—I shall to-day, in all probability, say, “good-bye” for the last time. During my entire

active manhood you have been my faithful, earnest friends, and I find it hard to express in fitting words my sense of obligation. Such ties are not easily formed, and such friendships are hard to sever. But I humbly trust, as the days of the years of your pilgrimage draw to a close and this earthly house of your tabernacle shall be dissolved, you may, strong in the faith of your Puritan fathers, and relying upon the promises which to them were a stay and staff, be led safely up to the gates of that Celestial city, over whose portals is inscribed in letters of gold, "Inasmuch as ye have been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many; ENTER THOU INTO THE JOYS OF THY LORD."

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